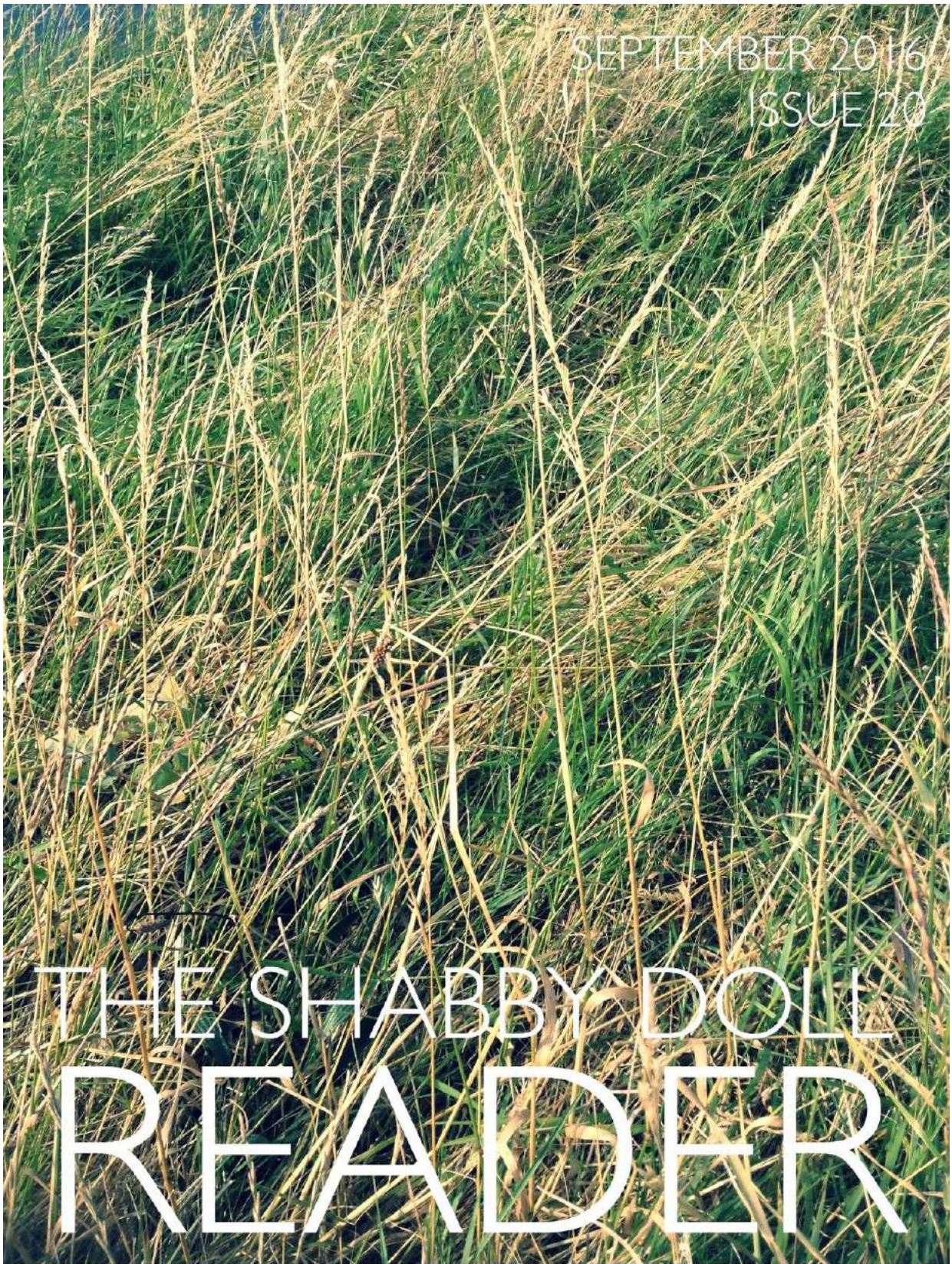
SEPTEMBER 2016
ISSUE 20
THE SHABBY DOLL
READER

THE READER

A MONTHLY ELECTRONIC ZINE BY
SHABBY DOLL HOUSE
SEPTEMBER 2016
ISSUE 20

Edited by Lucy K Shaw
First Edition
September, 2016

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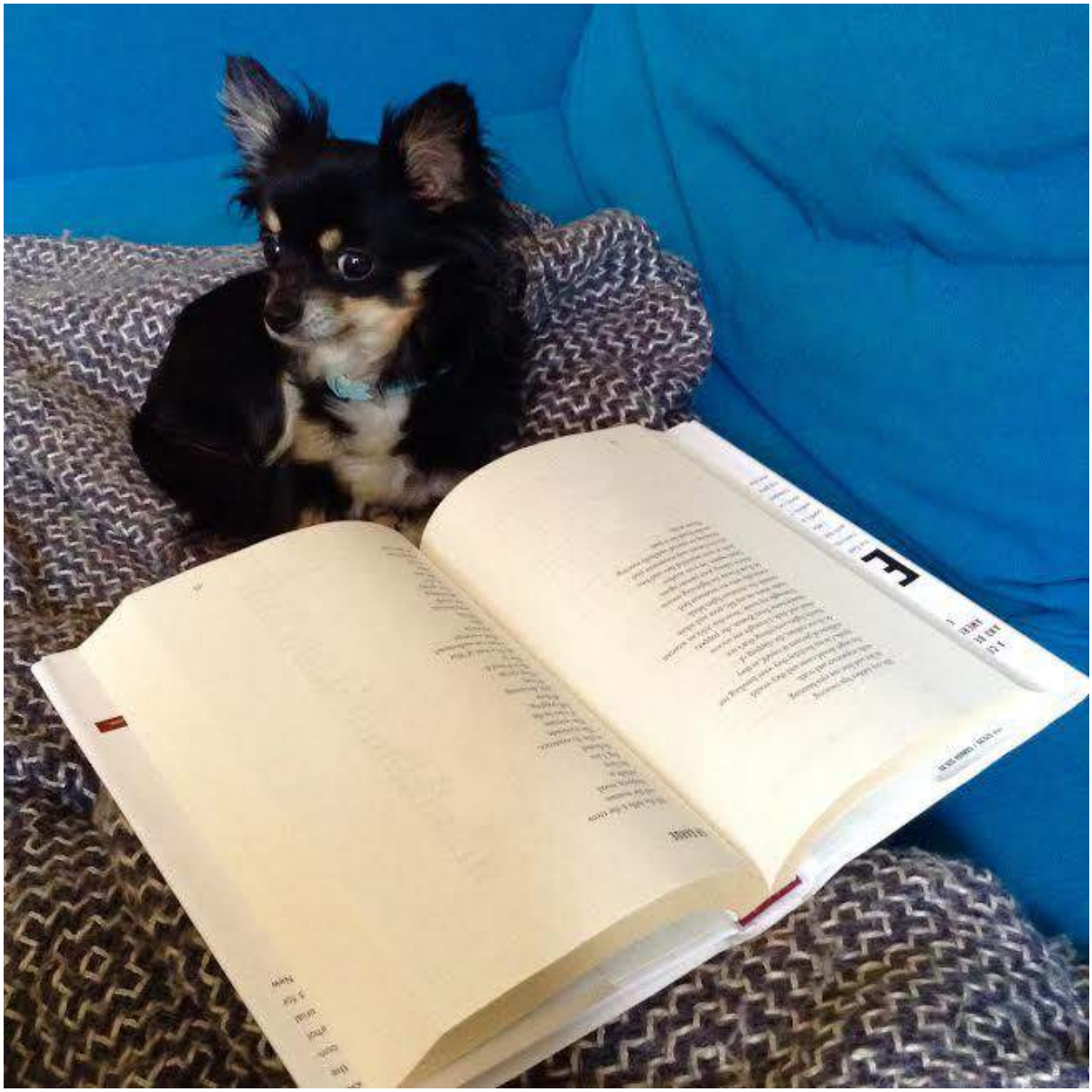

Featuring Stella,
Eileen Myles' smallest fan

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SHABBY DOLL NEWS

As usual, people are doing amazing and cool and inspiring things, thank god

& Win a copy of **Minor Characters by Joyce Johnson**

+ Oscar d'Artois presents Guacamole

<3

Tfw it's September...

Jim Walls @heyitsjim

Is "You look like you could be a murder victim in a Dennis Cooper book" too obscure of a reference?

c b r a d @therealcbrad 3d

You know that horrified confusion of trying to use someone else's shower but pretending to understand? That's how I feel every day

sarah jean @sarahjeanalex

no, YOU'RE getting drunk alone in bed and reading your own book on a sunday night

Nadia de Vries @nadiadvv

older couple thought I was cosplaying but this is just my LOOK 💄

Maggie Lee @maggie44 23/08/2016

the day that u are in a ~spin class~ with a ~celebrity~ is the day that u have truly become a loser

kimmy @areallliveghost 22/08/2016

I'm finished writing book. I forget what the next step is but I think it's "emails"

the dreaded "emails" step

Ashley Opheim @hologramrainbow
When things become unbearable, that is the occasion for poetry.

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When things become unbearable, that is the occasion for poetry.

Ashley Opheim @hologramrainbow
When things become unbearable, that is the occasion for poetry.

Colin Drohan @colindrohan 1d
I really identify with this woman who keeps screaming "YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT I AM GLUTEN FREE!"

DEAR DOLL READERS,

August turned into September. Summer will turn into Autumn here. Soon.

I intended for this issue to be bigger but then life became a little bit more complicated in the past couple of weeks and instead the issue turned out to be shorter than planned, but somehow also sweeter than expected.

Is that a segue into mentioning Peach Magazine? Maybe... I asked them a few questions about their recent website launch and accompanying party. They have

been publishing some really great work since they started out last month and I wanted to get to know more about how it all began.

There is a reading diary in here by one of my favorite writers and people, Karina Briski. She spent her summer working in a remote part of Oregon, reading lots of books. And I am so excited to share her insightful piece with you. She's so good.

Also, I wrote something for this issue. I just wanted to. I hope that's okay. It's a review of The Beat Generation exhibition I went to recently. And as you will see, I have no idea of how to write a real review. But anyway...

We also have a call for submissions for a new cooking zine by Oscar d'Artois and the recipe for his world famous guacamole.

I hope you enjoy this issue! The twentieth one, somehow :)

Have a great September!

Good luck going back to school if you're a student or a teacher! And enjoy the Strange Freedom of September if you're not <3

With love,
Lucy <3

P.S Don't forget to join the Shabby Doll Readers facebook group if you haven't already!

*

Reading Diary

By Karina Briski

8:03 pm: July 12, 2016
Eating gummy worms and reading Susan Sontag's journals, the first volume. Sun is lowering, sky is drained and skim milk blue. The cabin is already dark. I'm rarely awake past 9:00 here. I'm not sure what about Sontag appeals to me. Her turtlenecks? No, a "golden" era, I think. Of American letters, of cities, and her place within them. Reading her is half fetishization, half anthropological; all longing. We have so few public intellectuals these days, or so it seems, but maybe I'm idealizing, the way bougie folks lament the decline of handwriting.

*Shouldn't let Sontag slip into the category of writers whose name is reduced to a simple catchall for our superficial notions of writers: ever in velveted repose, limp cigarette hung daintily between fore and mid-fingers. (RIP Joan Didion)

A diary is tricky as reading material. I normally stay away from them, which is funny since I'm writing this one. As far as Sontag goes, I'm both looking for proof of her unique genius and of her completely ordinary intelligence, spiked with unique ambition. I think it's the latter. Shit. She learned how - and what - to record. Even more extraordinary was her curiosity, a black hole. Zip, there goes ignorance. Goodbye!

9:34 pm: July 13, 2016
I lied about the staying awake thing. Today was all lifting, transporting, hauling, and piling. I shoveled gravel into Rubbermaid garbage containers for three hours straight. There are only ever two types of work: removal and installation.

My cabin is maybe 17x15 feet (I'm bad with measurements), divided into two rooms: a front and a back. I'm sleeping in the back, the bottom bunk bed. No one's on top. The cabin is twice the size of my last room in Brooklyn, which isn't saying much, but about half of it, I don't use, because of the papery carcasses of bugs scattered around. Every morning I wake up to a crow (more than one, maybe?) screaming, and it sounds like a woman going "WHAT!? WHAT!? WHAT!?"

11:40 am: July 14, 2016
My new routine here: wake up and decide how badly I need to pee. I use two face creams (both youth-capturing) and blot two drops of a Saturn Return tincture on my tongue. The closer the planet gets to the point of its/my astrological origin, the further I get from indoor plumbing. Daily application of products has clued me in to control: when to exercise, when to relinquish. I take both Wild Alaskan Salmon Oil and biotin supplements, although the instructions on the bottles advise ingesting with a meal. Breakfast is two swipes of an index finger into a jar of peanut butter, or half a Snickers.

Part of Sontag's appeal (via her journals) is her relatability, although should I be admitting that? For one, she's seventeen at the beginning of them, and just discovering music, art, books, sex, consciousness. I used to think I didn't become fully conscious until I was 25, but now I realize it was just the lights flickering. I'm 29 now,

and coming out of one of those phases when the light's been pale and vaguely opaque - so, here I am. Underlining seventeen year-old Susan's insights.

Part of what I identify with, I realize, is her snobbishness. There's something kind of annoying about her. Sooooo serious, soooooo disciplined. Probably no fun to be stuck talking to at a party. But she was also a fantastic liar. I relate to all of this, apart from the discipline.

Next week, a limo is coming to pick us up in the national forest and take us to a biker bar for karaoke. Who will hate us more: the nature purists or the bikers?

July 16, 2016

All epiphanies are temporary.

10:10 pm: July 17, 2016
I'd forgotten that news is a luxury in certain corners of this country, where luxuries are firmly rejected on grounds of elitism. News does not travel fast here, but arrives immediately outdated and smothered in opinions. My phone has been dying abruptly, searching for and failing to find service. I'm waiting an entire day for a buffering fifteen-minute broadcast of Morning Edition.

Reading "So Much For That Winter" by Dorthe Nors, translated by Misha Hoekstra. I loved her first, "Karate Chop", but not as sure about this one. It's two novellas, written in experimental prose, one as imagined headlines, the other in list form.

Headlines, currently: Before I heard of the three policemen shot dead in Baton Rouge, I was discussing Trump and the upcoming RNC with my coworker, whose last job was a hand model for Starbucks. I complain about being out of the loop news-wise, which is something I've never missed. *Ignorance is bliss*, my coworker jokes. *Ignorance is evil*, I respond. Again, too serious!

It's hard to read a list of faux headlines and not spend the rest of your day thinking in a similar format: "Karina seeks a toilet. Karina get lonely. Karina pees outside, because it is dark and she doesn't want to walk to the toilet. Karina dislikes *gear* of any sort." I think this points more to my inherent laziness than any objective stickiness in her prose.

Also, let me say that I care very little for experiments in writing, other than (of course) those that are successful.

Built a fire in the dark, wearing a vintage Missoni top, rusted metallic, and a denim skirt.

4:03pm July 18th, 2016
We all had the day off, because electricity was out (intentionally) at the lodge. I've started Annie Dillard's "Teaching a Stone to Talk". My roommate Terri recommended it to me before I left Portland. I'd dismissed Dillard for a long time, because - I thought - so much of nature writing is just lifestyle propaganda (pre-Kinfolk) for the rich and the Christian. But she's surprisingly unromantic regarding nature and the human pursuit of it. Her trail of research is incredible, and not just because of her Catholicism.

July 19th
My boss approached me outside today to ask if I wanted to butcher a deer. I thought he meant for work, but actually, someone had hit it with their truck on a nearby road. Another coworker chimed in: it's illegal to harvest roadkill in Oregon. This

disappointed my boss, and me too, only a little. Oregon's politics are messier than any state I've lived in. I should research more. Something about its legacy of rugged individualism that can no more be sustained. The way Oregonians talk about California makes me wonder if we'll all be Googling "Orexit" in a few years time.

Another note: never lived in a place where people wear their disdain for other people more openly. Counting all thirteen or so people I know here, about a quarter of them have claimed to "hate humans".

5:04 pm: July 20, 2016
Lied down with "A Sport and a Pastime" and didn't take long to…not fall asleep! Reason #31803 why masturbating is better use of time than napping. Napping is like coming back from brief death - I can't shake it off and want to eat everything.

One avocado in my cooler. I eat half, with chips and hot sauce.

July 23, 2016
Spent two fine, depressing days in Portland. Found the "New York City" section of Powell's and sat down in the middle of it. Experiencing the "morbid nostalgia" Dillard talks about in the last - and best, to me - essay "Aces and Eights": "If I wish, and I do not, I can have never-to-be-repeated moments, however dreadful, anywhere and anytime, simply by calling that category to mind." I've softened to nostalgia in this last year, since leaving New York, but I'm still wary. It can kill you if you let it. Then again, so can a preoccupation with defense*.

Had a conversation with Fiona about who's most likely to throw in the towel, partway through: those who believe they've got nothing to live for or those who believed they had everything to live for. She's French, and has, if not a greater *understanding* of death, then a finer appreciation for it than most people I know. Both of us can also withstand loneliness longer than most.

*Dillard's observation that the great mystery lies in what is visible, not invisible. Is that obvious or profound?

July 28, 2016
There's no writer's catalog I'd wish to have as my own more than Lucia Berlin's. Same is not true for her life.

For musician's catalogs, I'd pick the Dixie Chicks.

July 29, 2016
Reasons Why People Get Married (no particular order)
boredom
guilt
fear
hope
to forget
love

August 3, 2016
Learned to make beds with "hotel corners." Wasps seem to love the wool blankets, I'm constantly picking dead ones out of the fibers. Housekeepers work the absolute hardest.

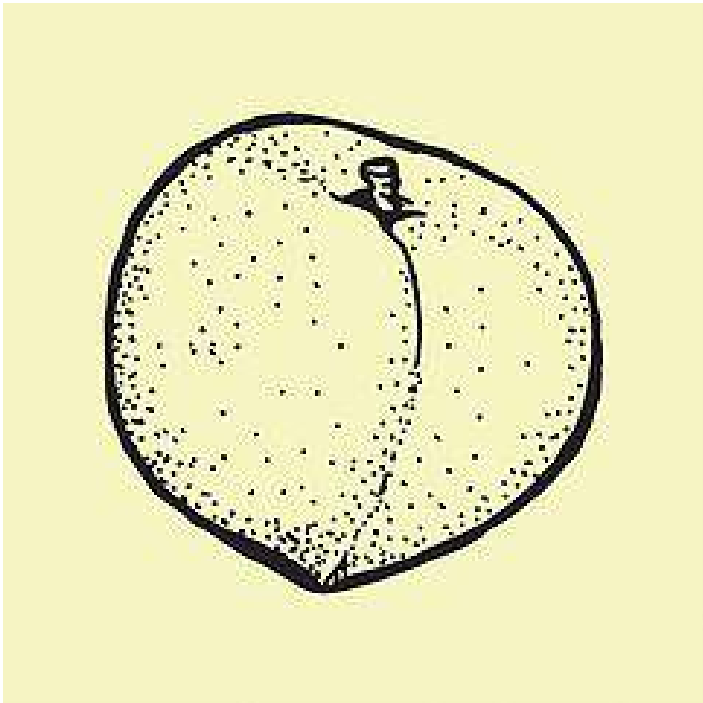
What's the opposite of the city anymore? This is all I want to write about but can't find a single adequate word. Country is too loose; woods too specific; rural too political, impersonal.

Re-reading "Speedboat", after reading an essay on "Speedboat". This paragraph, I would get it as a tattoo: "Language—not character, not culture, not love or money or society or truth or journalism or sex or politics or technology or connection, although all of these things are essential, are crucial satellites—pins the center of this book down. Language is the thing."

You can follow *Karina on Instagram*

*

PEACH MAGAZINE



Peach Mag is a new online literary magazine based in Buffalo, NY, curated by Rachelle Toarmino, Matthew Bookin and Bre Kilbin.
We asked them a few questions about their recent launch....

What made you want to start a literary magazine?

We noticed that a lot of interesting things were happening for aspiring writers in other cities near us. There's a wealth of literary talent in Buffalo, but it all happens as disparate writing groups, workshops, reading series, and print journals. No one thing really ties everyone together. We wanted to install a platform on which those writers could discover each other, and through which writers outside of Buffalo could both enjoy and participate in the creative climate here.

We decided to do digital over print because we think that acting as a consistent online presence gives people the push they need to finish whatever it is they're working on, in that they can see it and immediately share it. We want our contributors to feel like we're excited about their work, and we want that excitement to very literally spread. We've received a lot of submissions from people who just needed a little incentive to get their work out. We recently published two illustrations by our friend Amy Johnston, who spends hours doodling in her sketchbook while at work, but who hadn't shared her work with anyone until we put out a call for submissions.

How did you come together as a team?

Rachelle and Matthew spent the winter workshopping each other's writing, collaborating on a short memoir about hanging out with Karl Ove Knausgård, and getting drunk at the movies. We were throwing around the idea of starting a litmag at the same time Rachelle and Bre, who work together at the neighborhood indie bookstore, Talking Leaves Books, were brainstorming things they thought were missing from Buffalo, and coupling ideas followed pretty organically from there.

We waited to launch until the end of the summer, not only to maximize harvest puns (and therefore piss off Bookin -- sorry Bookin), but because we all had pretty busy starts to the summer: Matthew was preparing to be the featured local reader at the season kickoff of

Just Buffalo Literary Center's Silo City Reading Series, Rachelle was doing readings to promote the launch of her first chapbook, *Personal & Generic* (PressBoardPress), and Bre was celebrating summer and the end of the school year with a lengthy trip to New Orleans.

How was the launch party!?

The launch party was awesome. We spent the day leading up to the reading eating fries and drinking beer with touring Metatron authors Greg Zorko and Frankie Barnet, who are the best kind of people, and the whole 24 hours left us buzzing with positive vibes.

The reading was held in local arts collaborative Sugar City, which is often used as a venue for the more alternative art and music scenes in Buffalo. They have a gallery, a zine library, snacks and pop, arcade games, and purple Christmas lights hanging every which way. Our lineup of readers complemented each other really nicely -- there was a range of styles, genres, and forms. Some read from their computers, some from traditional pieces of printer paper, some from their books, and some even sang.

Local poet Alana Kelley read from her Craigslist series, in which she finds missed connection ads and collages them into conversations about everyday longing and desperation. Robin Jordan, the coordinator of Just Buffalo's Writing Center, read some new work and also had the band for whom she writes song lyrics perform. Local comedian Pat Kewley had everyone in tears while he read excerpts from his dream journal, a piece that is forthcoming on the Peach Mag website. Frankie read an abridged version of her story, "A Plot of Ocean," which is one of our favorites from *An Indoor Kind of Girl* and which she let us put on Peach Mag the next day. Finally, Greg Zorko headlined by reading some poems from his debut collection of poetry, *Ghost in the Club*, as part of 😭 ZORKTOUR 😭.

●●●○○ AT&T
11:51 AM
Messages (1)
Peach Mag
Details
Breonna Kiblin
can we play peaches n cream by 112 on loop at the launch?
ps bought a peach skirt at american apparel, peach is a lifestyle
BK
yaas
can we change our artist statement to "keeping peaches in season 365 days a year!!!"
should we have gone with "blue mag"
Breonna Kiblin
but then we would have been able to have the cutest website of all time
BK
too true
that's for talking me down from that one
Breonna Kiblin
iMessage

We each wore a color from our website's schema, decorated the place with peach-colored roses, and set up bowls of peaches and peach-flavored candy around Sugar City. Near the conclusion of the reading, the audience started passing around the bowls of peaches, so by the time Greg took

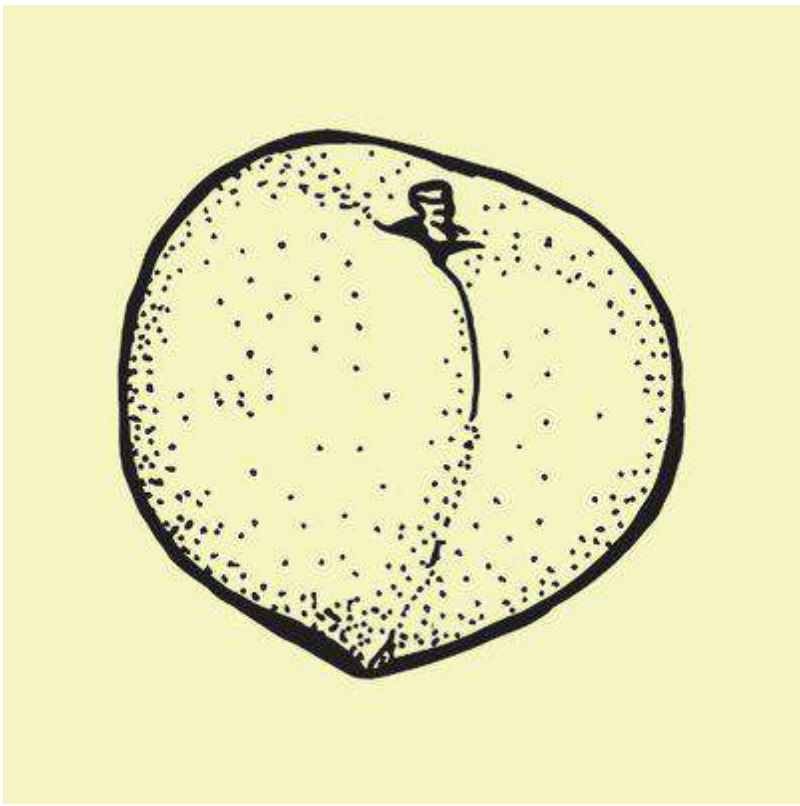
the stage almost everyone in the audience was eating a peach. A total sensory experience. It was magic.

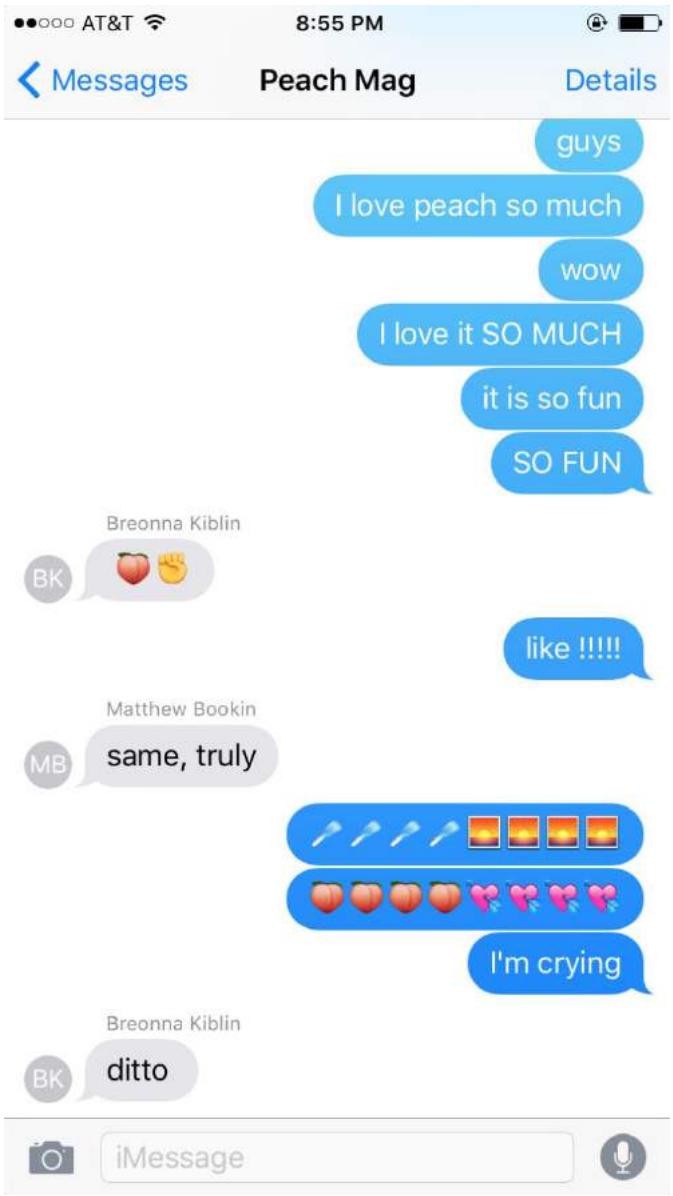
What makes Peach magazine different from other literary magazines?

Accessibility, power, sugar, sweet, warmth, poverty, wealth, inclusivity, positivity, validation, encouragement, hype, make trying cool again, experiment, revenge, Chance the Rapper, fresh, joy, rust, sorrow, space, desire, connect, sneak, endless summer in eight months of winter, pink, yellow, orange, purple, and the forgotten portions of New York State.

Who are your dream contributors? (Living or dead)

Carl Dennis, Sofia Banzhaf, Jamie Mortara, Zachary Cosby, Kimmy Walters, Hera Lindsay Bird, Frank Ocean, Noah Falck, Sarah Jean Alexander, Carl Sagan, Nicki Minaj, Anne Carson, Pablo Neruda, Lucia Berlin, Cassandra Gillig, Kanye West, David Berman, Oscar d'Artois, Adam Golaski, Cassandra Troyan, Melissa Broder, Warsan Shire, Mary Oliver, May-Lan Tan, Joan Didion, Carolyn Cassady, Jessica Hayworth, Conor Oberst, Luna Miguel, Tom Waits, Jessica Hayworth, Sam Pink.





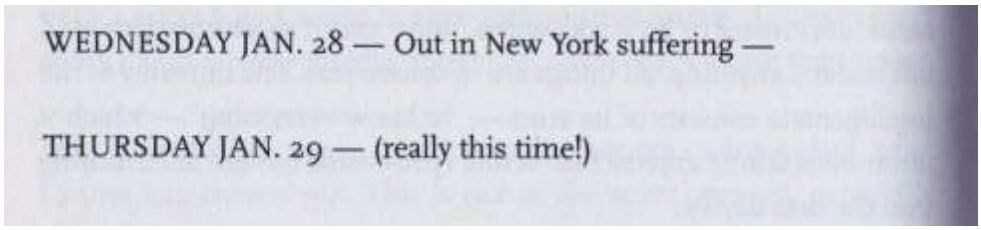
Submissions to Peach Magazine are OPEN
*& You can follow them on Twitter too **

The Beat Generation: Exhibition Review

By Lucy K Shaw

1. I guess I was curious when I found out there was a Beat Generation exhibition at the Pompidou Centre while I was visiting Paris. But, to be honest, I also immediately suspected I was going to hate it if I decided to go.
2. I decided to go anyway. I had never been up to the top floor of the building before. The views of Paris are spectacular. Incredible. Hard to compete with for attention.
3. The main exhibition room was in darkness. Three large screens which hung from the ceiling had black and white images of open roads projected on to them, from the perspective of moving vehicles. I waited for the sound of generic, frenetic jazz to hit my ears. There it was.

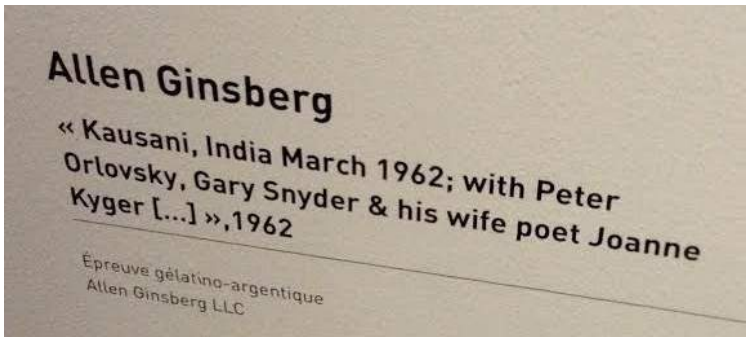
4. The words, "'Everything belongs to me because I'm poor' - Jack Kerouac" were printed in a huge font on one of the walls. The room was filled with people. Who were they? Why were they here? Who is this for?
5. (I later read an interview with one of the eighty year old curators. He said, "They were my buddies. I felt like I owed it to them. Just because they're dead doesn't mean they're not here.')
6. I relaxed for the first time in some time. The security checks before you enter public spaces like museums, at the moment, are intense enough to stop you from thinking about guns and bombs and destruction, while you're inside.
7. I separated from the group (Oscar and his mom) and wandered aimlessly around the exhibition. It was big, really big, and I guess I felt in competition with it. I had spent probably five years curating my own personal beat generation exhibition in college and thereafter. The archives all on an old blog. I took it seriously, scanning in pages from letters and diaries, underlining the important parts, visiting the homes these writers had lived in whenever I was in New York. The audience was just me. I didn't know any writers...
8. But it's harder to take Kerouac seriously once you're older than about twenty one and interested in some kind of feminism.
9. Example from his diary:


WEDNESDAY JAN. 28 — Out in New York suffering —

THURSDAY JAN. 29 — (really this time!)

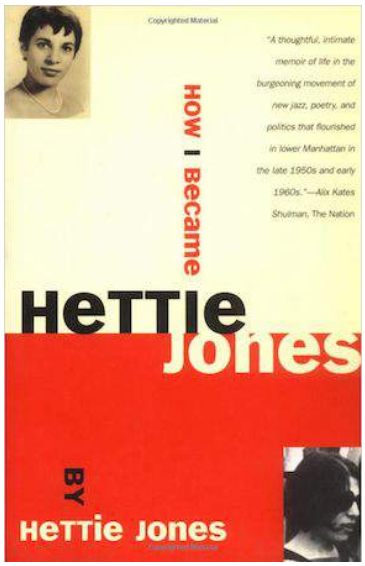
10. Okay, bro.
11. This is a side note: At Shakespeare & Co, the iconic, historic, annoying as hell English bookstore in Paris, they have entire shelves dedicated to Hemingway and Fitzgerald, right by the entrance. They fetishize it, 'The Lost Generation.' It makes me sick to see it, honestly. It feels like a damaging type of tourism. Stop celebrating dead white men. Stop ONLY celebrating them. Stop!!!
12. Anyway, so, back to The Beat Generation exhibition. The exhibition naturally made an attempt to centralise the input/importance of the surrealist French writers who supposedly influenced some of the literature these people were writing. And it also wanted to make the point that a bunch of them had spent time in Paris. (Following the likes of Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, whoever else had been there 20 years before). Plus, the exhibition wanted to portray The Beat Generation as more than a literary movement.... And more of a lifestyle!
13. So I get that there was an angle.
14. Bop do bee bop doo wop.
15. But at a certain point, I found myself actively, desperately searching for the part of the exhibition in which it would be acknowledged that women exist. Or have ever existed.
16. I was freaking out.
17. Eventually I found some framed haikus by Diana di Prima. But that was it.

18. I would even have been happier to find a little corner somewhere that conceded, sure, there were women involved in this scene. Many of them were even writers... But as they were largely excluded from any original narrative in the conservative, mid 20th century, we have decided to be lazy and stick with that here too...
19. In my mind, I rearranged the quote on the wall to say, "*Everything belongs to me because I'm white and male and straight and I have an education and a mom who treats me like a child. - Jack Kerouac*"
20. Still, I was there though, right? So I couldn't be completely disenchanted by it? They had the original scroll of 'On The Road' on display in a 50ft glass case that spanned the length of the room. I remembered a day nine years ago, during its 50th anniversary of publication tour, when I travelled by train to a city I've never been to before or since to see this fucking scroll.
21. Suddenly we were together again and I didn't care at all.
22. I guess this is growing up!
23. A caption on one of the photos that really bothers me:

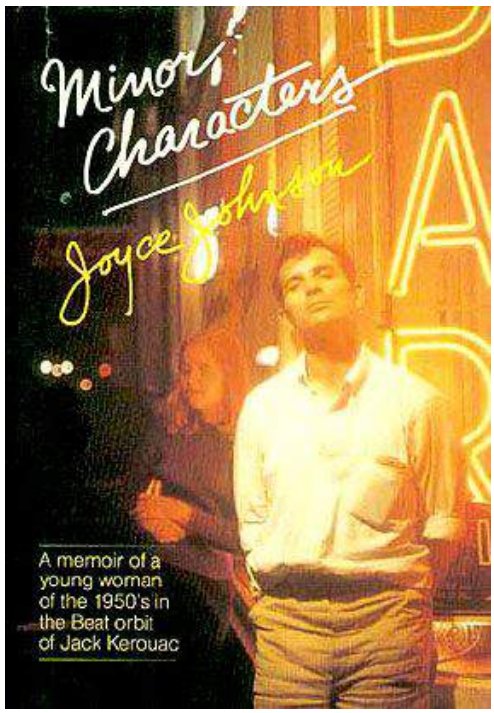

Allen Ginsberg
« Kausani, India March 1962; with Peter Orlovsky, Gary Snyder & his wife poet Joanne Kyger [...] »,1962
Épreuve gélatino-argentique
Allen Ginsberg LLC

24. Hmmm.
25. Did I mention that the views over the city were really something?

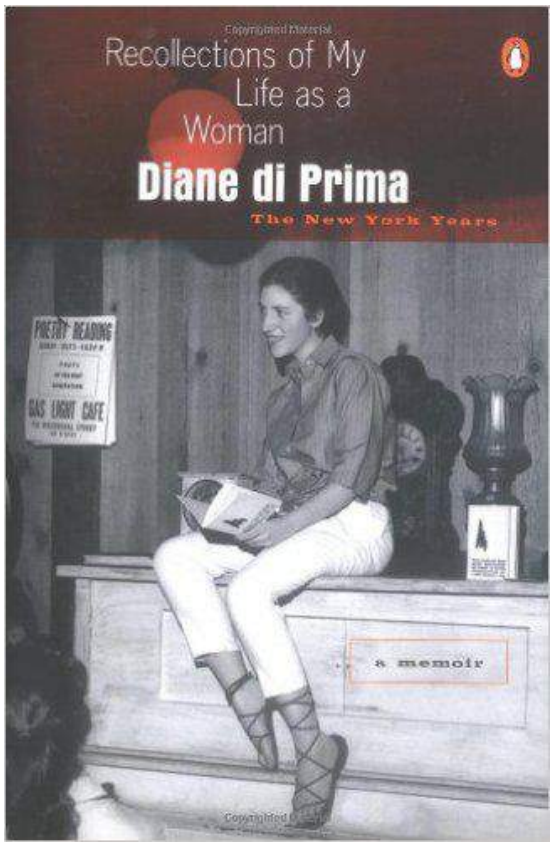
26. Anyway, the exhibition is open until October 3rd at the Pompidou Centre in Paris and then after that it's going somewhere in Germany. I guess I don't recommend it to you. Unless you're into literature as a theme park. Or literature as more of a lifestyle! But here are some related books I do recommend:


Copyrighted Material
"A thoughtful, intimate memoir of life in the burgeoning movement of new jazz, poetry, and politics that flourished in lower Manhattan in the late 1950s and early 1960s."—Alix Kates Shulman, The Nation
How I Became
Hettie Jones
By
Hettie Jones

How I Became Hettie Jones by Hettie Jones



Minor Characters by Joyce Johnson



Recollections of My Life as a Woman by Diane di Prima

27. To conclude and summarise my feelings on the exhibition, here is a glass case full of Jack Kerouac's dirty old clothes:

*

SHABBY DOLL NEWS

There are three new poems by Sarah Jean Alexander at The Fanzine

And on that same website, Juliet Escoria was interviewed by Andrew Worthington

There is a great essay, I'll Still Be Afraid To Talk To You Too by Chelsea Martin at Catapult

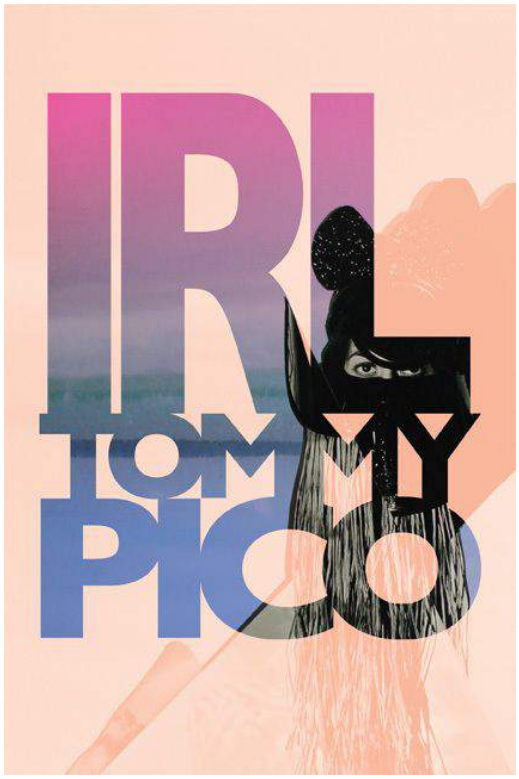
And Oliver Mol wrote a piece called, Not Letting Bipolar Define Your Life for The Saturday Paper

Megan Boyle has been vlogging every day?!

The new issue of Powder Keg is out now!

Submissions for the new issue of NOO journal are open until tomorrow, (Monday September 5th)

Stacey Teague was interviewed at Reality Beach



Tommy Pico's IRL is out September 8th!

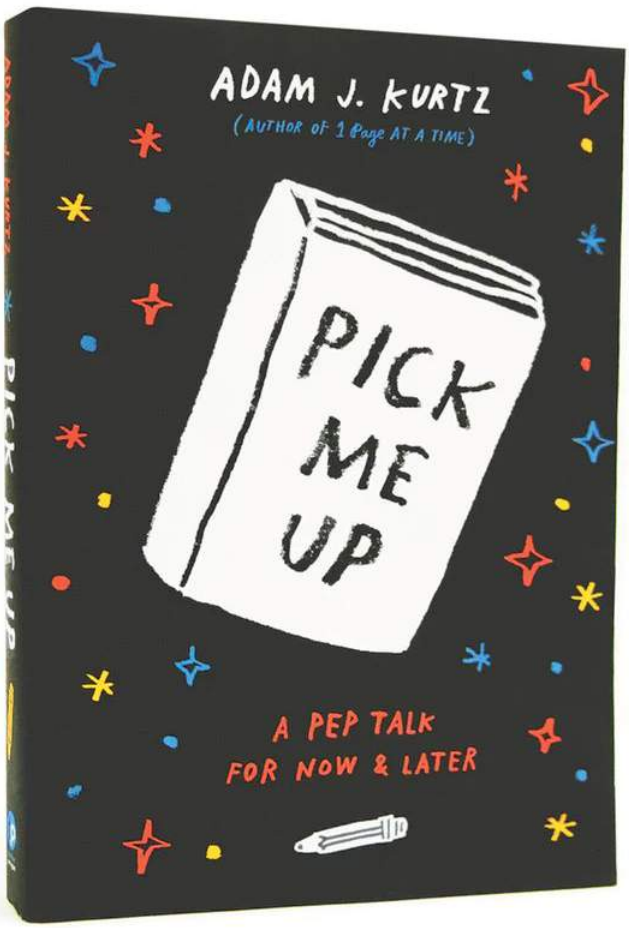
There is a new poem by Carmen Brady at Metatron

And a useful Where To Submit guide at Entropy

Voicemail poems have reintroduced their podcast!

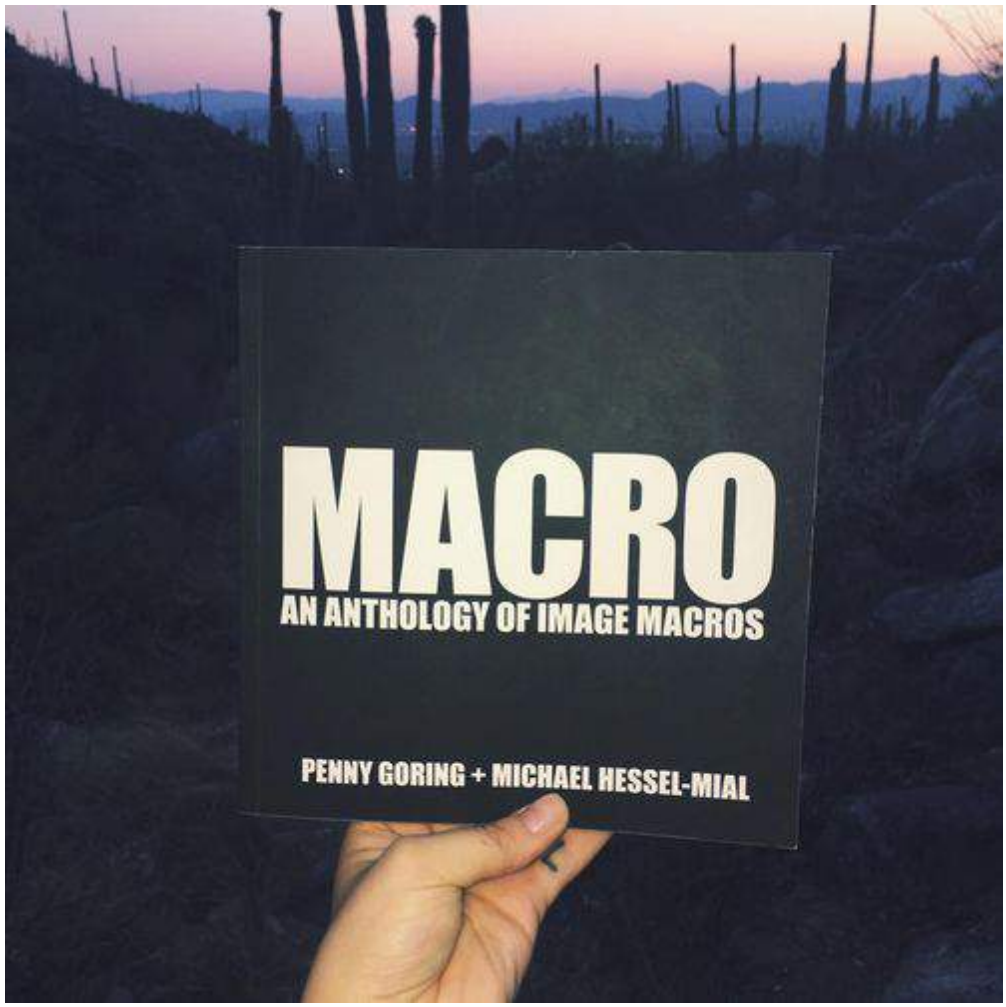
ee jarvie & friends launched a new website, theteenagers.company

Adam J. Kurtz's second book, *Pick Me Up* is now available for pre-order!



And you can get one of these pins for free from Adam if you order before October 4th :)))

The winner of the MACRO anthology from last month was Oliver Mol :)



This month we're giving away a copy of *Minor Characters by Joyce Johnson*,

For a chance to win, just email the word: MAJOR to shabbydollsubmissions@gmail.com

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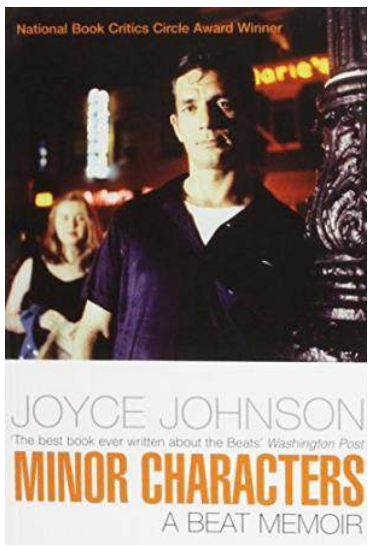
National Book Critics Circle Award Winner
JOYCE JOHNSON
'The best book ever written about the Beats' Washington Post
MINOR CHARACTERS
A BEAT MEMOIR

A CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS, KIND OF

Hello Friends/acquaintances/faceless fans,

It's me, oscar bruno d'artois.

Lately I've been talking with a few people about maybe putting together a cooking zine, full of recipes by & for the perennially broke, domesticated but still punk, cosmopolitan, somewhat veg, or otherwise ethically-minded Artiste.

I thought it might be cool if people wanted to submit some of their own favorite recipes that they enjoy to make, featuring tips or a bit of writing about why or how they like to eat it. I'd then compile them into a sort of mini anthology/zine, a kind of diy guide to surviving on something other than pizza crusts and leftover packages of ramen noodles.

Below is a sample one I wrote to give you a bit of an idea of what we're looking for.

If you think you might be interested in contributing something, you can just e-mail me at oscarbrunodartois@gmail.com.

Thanks!

xx

obd

‘SWEET ‘N’ SPICY’ GUACAMOLE

By Oscar d’Artois

I developed this guac in a time of desperation. I was working at a seafood café in greenpoint, brooklyn where – having been slowly transitioning to 'going veg' again – there were only about 3 things I could eat on the menu, and one of them was just a pile of raw beets on some bread.

My favorite thing to eat was this predictably overpriced 'avocado toast' which they served for breakfast. All it had in it was mashed up avocadoes, salt, lemon, and sundried tomatoes. Sometimes they added a soft boiled egg on top. I think it was served on rye. I had it a couple of times, and then, because it could get pretty slow behind the counter and I needed something to do, I made the mistake of getting 'creative.' I tried make a meal that would cram in all the nutrients I needed for the day, so I wouldn't have to spend money on food after work (usually so I could spend my tips on overpriced cocktails instead). (Also because I resented the job/my boss, who was always trying to corner me so he could tell me about his Sexual Escapades, and I wanted to eek every penny from him I could.)

Anyway, many 'creative' bowls of indistinguishable avocado-chickpea-egg-beet-bread mush later, I quit that job, vowing never to trust myself to make my own food again. But after a while I began so miss the avocado toast (which really just seems like an excuse, disguised as a health food, to eat guacamole for breakfast), so I started trying to replicate it at home.

Whenever I'd eaten it while 'on the job,' I always added this syrup they were selling called 'mike's hot honey,' which I think they were trying to sell for like $7 a pop, but the honey kept mysteriously disappearing from the shelves and winding up behind the counter. 'Mike's hot honey' was the simple yet dope combination of honey and chili flakes. Like chili oil in italian restaurants but sweet. Also I think there was some apple cider vinegar in it to help it 'infuse.'

So anyway, you can either go to that café and see if they still sell that stuff (128 franklin street brooklyn, ny), or make it 'live' into the guac yourself. At some point I tried to make the honey infusion first and keep a jar of it around, and even though that might be 'truer' to the stuff I was eating in the café, it involves doing things like turning on the stove & therefore seems like more trouble than it's worth. At another point further down the road, I think when I was short on avocados but had a lot of bananas, and because they both seemed like mushy-tropical fruits or something, I googled whether it was ok to put bananas in guac, and found out that they are kind of like distant cousins and mixing them together is in fact not that uncommon (although I guess you could argue that it is possible to google any combination of things in order to convince yourself that it is not that weird, since someone, somewhere is bound to have tried it).

(Also, 'pro tip': bananas brighten up the overall color of your guacamole, so if the avocadoes you've secured are a little on the sad side, adding a banana will help to counter that impression.)

All of which is to say that there isn't really any rule about how to make this guac, except that you want it Sweet'n'spicy. Here is a basic guideline:

- 2-3 avocados
- 1 banana
- 3 crushed up chili flakes (to taste)
- Tangy thing (in order of preference: lemon, lime, apple cider vinegar, or any combination thereof)
- Salt, obviously
- Honey (or veganify w/ agave nectar if u think honey is satan)
- A couple tomatoes in some form if u want (i only made it w sundried tomatoes once… i think this is excessively salty tbh, but maybe some ppl like that. Think better w fresh ones), mostly for deco.
- a Decorative Herb (in order of preference: basil, mint, cilantro, parsley) (optional)

Put avocados and banane into a bowl. If you want some of it to be less smushed up, 'reserve' it. Smoosh smoosh smoosh (with a fork or whatever). Add all the liquidy things. Optionally, add chili flakes to a vinegar and/or honey mixture beforehand so it 'infuses' a little. If not just stick it all in. It just means it'll be spicier in pockets versus a more even spiciness, i think. Mix it all up. Add tomatoes last. O also some ppl put cilantro in guac. Cilantro is not very popular among certain parties in our household however so I'll sometimes throw in a little basil instead. Like the tomatoes this is basically just a garnish. Although the addition of Basil does make it feel like you're really, ah, 'europeanizing' guacamole, but. What are you gonna do. Most of the cilantro available for sale in Germany seems to secretly be parsley anyway. So, use some sort of herb to garnish if u have it around and feel like it, is I guess what I'm saying. I don't think it really matters which.

As noted above, this guac is Flexible. It can be used as a regular dip or topping for chips/tacos/etc, put on toast for breakfast (with or without an egg on top), or even stirred into pasta w/ some cheese and or cream and or olive oil (again, optional) as a sauce.

Sorry if this recipe is more complicated than it is helpful.

You can follow Oscar d'Artois on Twitter

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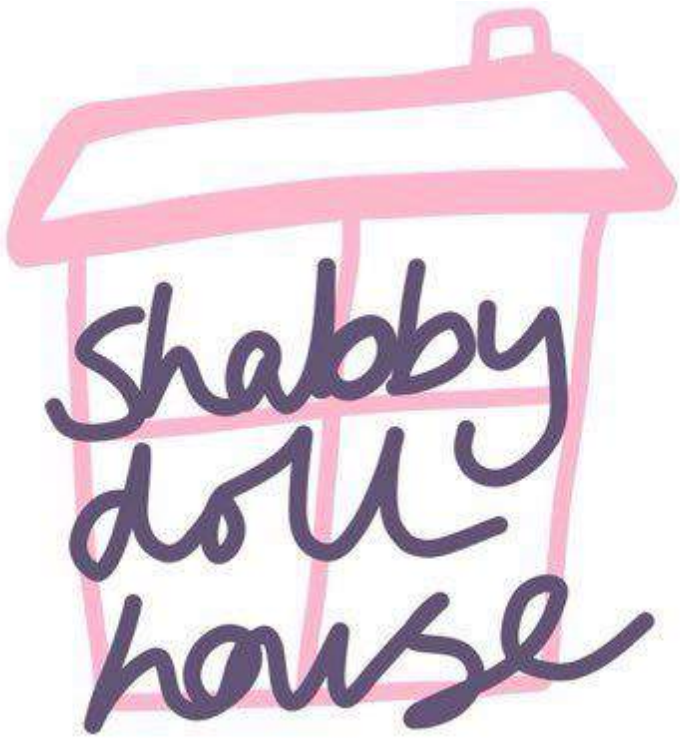
That's all for now :)

The next issue is coming October 2nd

Thanks so much for reading <333